

# Jens Lekman, Shirin

Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin  
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When Shirin cuts my hair  
it's like a love affair  
Let those locks fall to the ground  
or let them stay there

I show her my passport  
what I look like  
But she just smiles and lets me know  
it's gonna be all right

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When Shirin cuts my hair  
her mama's sitting in the rocking chair  
She tells me stories from the war  
in Iraq cause they were there

Shirin pulls my head to the side  
but in the mirror I can see  
a tear in her eye

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Your hands are soft  
your hands are soft just like silk  
You're a drop of blood  
You're a drop of blood in my glass of milk

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When Shirin does her magic  
to my frizzy straws  
Immigration and tax representatives  
stumbled upon the lot  
But what if it reaches the government  
that you have a beauty salon  
in your own apartment

I won't tell anyone!  
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin  
I won't tell anyone!  
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin  
I won't tell anyone!